

N^o 152 THE 11779 d. 8.
Perfidious Brother

TRAGEDY:

As is Acted at the

NEW THEATRE

IN

Little LINGOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

By Mr. THEOBALD.

— talis Alter Senex; Virg
Quem recitas meus est, Fidentine, libellus;
Sed malè dum recitas, incipit esse Tuus. M.

LONDON,

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THE

Perthshire Directory

TRAGEDY

NEW THEATRE

THE NEW COLLEGE HALL



By Mr. A. A. A.

Printed and Published by
J. G. & Co. 10, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

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THE PREFACE.

IT may, perhaps, be wonder'd at by Some, that I have set my Name to this Tragedy, when a Story has been industriously spread in One part of the Town, and prevail'd chiefly amongst the Mechanics, that I had no hand in the Play, except in Supervising, and here and there correcting an odd Word; but that the whole Performance belong'd to a Gentleman, a Watch-maker in the City, to whom I shall be more kind, than his Friends have been, in this Matter, which shall be in concealing his Name. I confess when this Report first got Air, it did not make me a little Uneasie; because it look'd to Such as were peculiarly in my Interest, as if I was imposing Something upon the World in my own Name, to which I had no manner of Pretensions, or in which my Merit was at best but wrongfully assum'd.

The PREFACE:

As I never have rely'd too much on my Character in Writing, so neither do I look on my Reputation in Letters so slender, as to need the Support of Another's Merit, who is an utter Stranger to the Dead Languages, and has, I believe, too much Modesty to think himself a Master even of English. I would not, in This, be thought to reflect on the Gentleman's Want of Education; for 'tis no mean Praise, to have Nature exert Herself in her own Strength: At the same time, I do assure my Readers it is no Pleasure to Me to be forc'd on penning any Justification of my own Abilities; and had not an ill-tim'd Vanity, or some other Motive, which first gave Birth to the Report, urg'd me to this Reply; I am so little Ambitious of forcing a Character, that I would freely have declin'd my Share of Merit, and complimented the Gentleman with the whole Applause, if it would have been peculiarly to his Advantage.

It will be requisite now to declare wherein I became indebted to his Assistance: Soon after

THE PREFACE.

ter Michaelmas last, he brought me the Story, (of which the Plot of this Play, with some Alterations, is form'd;) wrought up into Something design'd to be call'd Tragedy: There was what pleas'd me in general in the Tale, and Design of the Diction, and from which, I thought, no ill Distress, or Passion might be drawn. Proposals were made betwixt us, and I agreed to endeavour to make it fit for a Stage. I labour'd at it Four Months almost without Intermission; and believe I may pretend to have created it anew: For even where the Original Matter is continued, I have brought it to Light, and drawn it as from a Chaos. The Gentleman may, perhaps, think I have assum'd too far, and design to Print his Copy; I must insist that he publish'd It in the same Dress with That which is in my Hands, otherwise I shall have the Labour of exposing That too, and leave the World to judge of his Grammar, Concord, or English: As for any Complaints, or Grimace in his future Preface, I have determin'd not to think them worth an Answer.

The P R E F A C E.

I will go no farther on this Subject, since, I hope, it will be sufficient to clear Me from the Imputation of assuming to my self what I had no Right or Title to do. I am only sorry, it did not answer so well to Mr. Rich, as I hop'd it would have done: Nor can I easily account for its being generally approv'd in the Town, and yet so poorly follow'd: I have some publick Acknowledgments to make to the Actors concern'd in it, and then shall close this Preface: The Play was got up with indefatigable Application, in Twelve Days time from the first Reading, which is less than ever any Tragedy was known to be got ready in: And there being but few Characters in it, those that are must consequently be long. I would be suspected Flattery, to enter into any particular Encomiums; therefore I shall only say, that I am indebted to every One of Them for doing Justice to their Parts.

P R O.

PROLOGUE.

WHat Crouds of Candidates, in ev'ry Age,
Put in, and for the Tragick Bays engage?
And yet how few of this Aspiring Train
Deserve the Lawrel, which they hope to gain?
Mistaken in the Task, Some build on Dress;
Others from Fights and Tumults form Success:
With Thunder, or with Trumpets, wound your Ears,
And trail their awkward Guards with rusty Spears.
Our Author speaks not This, in Pride of Heart,
To carp at Others, or enhance His Art.
But as he wishes, he might once behold
The Tragick Scene be what it was of Old.
When Plays were wrote Guilt's Triumphs to controul;
And Poets labour'd to improve the Soul.
If then Instruction was the Stage's Aim,
That Lesson must be best, which Most could claim:
In This, if Ought, our Author hopes he may
Assume some little Merit from his Play.
Since, stripp'd of Regal Pomp, and glaring Show,
His Muse reports a Tale of Private Woe.
Works up Distress from Common Scenes in Life,
A Treach'rous Brother, and an Injur'd Wife.
Silent, attend; nor censure him, as Vain,
If that to Please, he strives to give you Paim
And if from Nature he has form'd his Parts,
He'll spare your Hands, so he can move your Hearts.

Dramatis Personæ.

Gonsalvo, <i>an old Nobleman of Bruffels.</i>	Mr. Corey.
Sebastian, <i>and</i> } <i>his Nephews.</i>	Mr. Keene.
Roderick, }	Mr. Smith.
Beaufort, <i>Friend to Sebastian.</i>	Mr. Leigh.
Luciana, <i>Wife to Sebastian.</i>	Mrs. Rogers.
Selinda, <i>Daughter to Gonsalvo.</i>	Mrs. Rogers, <i>Jun.</i>

Officer, Servants, &c.

SCENE, Gonsalvo's House in Bruffels.

THE
PERFIDIOUS
BROTHER.

~~~~~  
ACT I. SCENE I.  
~~~~~

Enter Roderick, and a Servant in a travelling Habit.

Rod.



OW say you, Sir, my Brother left the
Camp,

And hither posting on the Spur for
Brussels?

Ser. My Lord, with weary Speed, by
his Command

I but out-strip'd him on the neighb'ring Road,
To bear his Commendations to his Wife;
And be the Herald of his near Approach:
A short Hour's Ride will bring him to her Arms.

Rod. Are any here inform'd of his Return?

Serv. None but Yourself, my Lord.

Rod. Be silent then.

Leave me to greet *Luciana* with your News;
And cheer her widow'd Soul. Mean-while, expect

B

Reward

The Perfidious Brother.

Reward and Welcomes shall attend your Service:
In, and repose yourself. — But hear me, Friend,
Let no light Intimations scape your Lips,
To disappoint the Pleasure of my Tidings:
I shall find Merit in your Secrecy. —

Serv. You may command me.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Roderick Solus.

Sebastian on Return! — His near Approach,
So unexpected too, alarms my Soul:
I stand ev'n on a Precipice of Fate,
Where one Step forward whirls me down to Ruin:
I must be steady then, and tread with Caution.
This Brother I could love, were he not so:
But, as he got the start of me in Birth,
And bars my Fortunes, he has earn'd my Hatred:
And Hatred marks him out for sure Destruction.
But first I must contrive to screen my Wiles;
He must not know my Practise on his Wife,
To win her Beauties to our Uncle's Bed.
For should he but suspect my bold Endeavours
To work Pollution on his dainty Bride,
Perhaps he would revenge; — or, which is worse,
I forfeit all Pretensions to his Trust;
On which I must install my future Hopes.

Enter Gonsalvo.

Let me consider: — Ay, it shall be so;
I'll instantly to her, e'er he arrive,
And with a formal, grave, repenting Face,
Sooth her to think, I meant not what I urg'd. (*Going.*)

Gonsf. Stay, *Rod'rick*;

Rod. Sir, your Pardon. —

Gonsf.

The Perfidious Brother.

3

Gonf. Gentle Nephew,
Does my *Luciana* yet consent to love?
Will she be kind, or is the froward Girl
So much a Woman as to slight my Vows,
And triumph in the Pangs her Beauty gives me?

Rod. When first I told her of the Pains you suffer'd,
The anxious Nights you pass'd in restless Wishes,
Her glowing Cheeks were fir'd with Crimson Blushes;
And her fierce Eyes, in keen and angry Glances,
Like Lightning flash'd before th' approaching Thunder.
But when I came to urge your Cause more home,
Seas have less Rage, when hoarse tempestuous Winds
Swell up the foaming and uneven Deep,
Than she had at my Words.

Gonf. Then Hopes are lost!
Nor is there left one Mean to cure my Sorrows:
But I must droop in mournful Discontent,
And drag a joyless Life out in Despair.

Rod. Forbid it, Heav'n! — I cannot bear to see
My dearest Uncle thus oppress'd with Anguish;
And bending with the load of slighted Love.
My Lord, rely on me: — Perish a Thousand
Of the fantastick, giddy, stubborn Sex,
E'er good *Gonsalvo* loose a Moment's Quiet!
Disdainful as she is, spight of her Virtue,
This lab'ring Brain shall form her to your Wish,
And melt her boasted Chastity to Love.

Gonf. Compleat it, and be Heir to all my Fortunes;
My spacious Lordships, all my Lands be thine;
There's not a foot of Earth in my Possession,
But, at my Death, shall strait descend to *Rod'rick*.
Now, by the Saints, I will not leave thy Brother
The Measure of a Grave to scant thy Portion.

Rod. You are too good, too gracious to me, Sir;
Heav'n knows, it is not Int'rest that I covet:

4 *The Perfidious Brother.*

But Love and Duty bind me to your Service:
And just Compassion of the Pains you feel
From this ungrateful Woman's peevish Coyneſs:
But I forget; — My Lord, we muſt not loiter;
A Moment loſt could hardly be retriev'd,
For all my Projects, and your Love's Succeſs:
Hang on the Iſſue of this little Hour.
My Brother —

Gonſ. What of him?

Rod. Will ſtrait be here:

A Meſſenger arriv'd to bring us Notice,
Juſt gives me time to play a ſaving Game.

Gonſ. Curſe on his Speed! — Thou muſt be wond'rous
Artful,

Or all will ſtand diſclos'd; and ev'ry Act
Of ours lay open to his hated View.

Rod. Let not our Fears o'er-ſway our ſafer Reaſon;
Or Conſcience prompt us to betray a Guilt.
Be bold; and when *Sebastian* comes, receive him
With open Arms of Love, and ſeeming Friendſhip.
Let the whole Houſe ring out to ſpeak his Wellcome,
Perhaps, a little Coſt thrown in to grace him,
Might make him think your Transports more ſincere.
Commit the reſt to me: — And for *Luciana*,
I'll put her under ſuch a ſtrict Reſtraint,
She ſhall not dare give Breath to our Offences.
But, good my Lord, retire; I ſee her coming,
And 'twere not well to have us found together.

[*Exit Gonſalvo.*

So: — Now muſt I diſguiſe the ſubtle Pander,
And be a Saint in ſhew: — But ſhe approaches.

Enter

The Perfidious Brother.

5

Enter Luciana, who seeing him offers to retire.

Why am I shun'd as if I wore Infection,
Or were some Thing, which, but to cross, would blast you?
Rod'rick did never mean to wrong his Sister;
You were too quick, too nicely apprehensive,
And had you giv'n me time to clear my Purpose,
Your gentle Nature had not been incens'd.

Luc. Could I be calm, and hear a Brother plead:
In favour of an Uncle's lewd Embrace?
What hast thou seen so loose in all my Acts,
Might tempt thee to presume that I would fall
A Prey to Vice, and most detested Incest?

Rod. 'Twas distant from my Soul, and honest Nature,
To think ignobly of your matchless Worth;
Would your Impatience but have stay'd, to hear ——

Luc. Proposals that would startle blushing Virtue!
Now, by my injur'd Innocence I swear,
Did'st thou not claim a Kindred to the Blood
Of my most worthy, most lov'd *Sebastian*,
Thy Life should pay the Forfeit of thy Crime.
Nor yet presume too far upon that Tye,
Nor urge my Patience by a second Tryal,
For if thou dost, this Arm, this Woman's Arm,
Weak as it is, shall do its Mistress right.

Rod. By Heav'n, I do admire your gallant Spirit!
Nor shall you e'er have Cause to doubt my Friendship;
And had you but vouchsaf'd a patient Ear,
I then had stood most fair in your Opinion.
Indeed, the Prologue to my better Purpose
Had but a Fiend-like Face to set it off:
Whate'er I urg'd, was only meant to try,
As Gold is touch'd, the Standard of your Worth;

Which,

Which I have found so pure, so free from Dross,
 I set the highest Value on your Virtues;
 And if to cross the Bent of his Designs,
 You want Assistance, my whole Service waits you.

Luc. Tho' all thou say'st were true, which yet I doubt,
 Such is th' Affront of my suspected Honour,
 That it proclaims Thee base, and mean of Soul:
 For lightly to suspect another's Virtue,
 And harbour Jealousies without a Cause,
 Argues a vicious, and degen'rate Mind.

Rod. Forgive the Rashness of my guilty Tongue,
 Nor think my Heart consenting to its Folly;
 With low Submission, I entreat your Pardon,
 And vow, on this fair Hand, no more to wrong you.

Luc. If you are real, if resolv'd no more
 To varnish o'er Disgrace, be still my Brother.
 But if thou wilt deserve my just Esteem,
 Dissuade *Gonsalvo* from his foul Intent:
 Shew him the Horror of such Monstrous Crimes;
 The Judgments which pursue incestuous Fires;
 Shew him, how much 'tis nobler to controul
 Licentious Wishes, and be firm in Virtue.

Rod. I will: Nay more, I'll prove your Honour's
 Guardian:
 Charm down Detraction by your boasted Praise,
 And stop the canker'd Tongue of busy Slander.

Luc. It needs not, *Rod'rick*; I dare challenge Fame,
 Or baser Envy, to report my Conduct:
 My Actions are so clear, so much above
 Opprobrious Censures, I would trust the World
 To wrest them, as they could, with black Construction.

Rod. Your Life, indeed, might stand the strictest Tryal;
 But 'twere precarious to appeal to Fame:
 For Calumny, that Catterpillar-like

Crawls

The Perfidious Brother.

7

Crawls o'er the fairest Fruit, still leaves behind it
A Tract of Slime, and glazes with Reproach.
Trust me, secure unguarded Innocence,
Like a weak Vessel in a stormy Sea,
Is dash'd by ev'ry Wave of saucy Rumour.
But see, *Luciana*——

Enter Gonzalvo, with Sebastian and Beaufort.

Gonf. Niece, I bring a Guest
Who recommends himself to your Embrace.

Sebast. My Life! My Joy!

Luc. My Lord! My best *Sebastian*!

Seb. By Heav'n, She faints; and sinks into my Arms;
As if the Hand of Death were on her Beauties.

O my *Luciana*, lift again those Lids,
And dart forth all the Glories of thy Eyes:
Or I shall curse Myself for thus returning.
See, thy *Sebastian* calls Thee back to Life,
To bless him with the Musick of thy Tongue.

Beau. Give her but Air, my Lord, and She'll revive;
Behold, already on her ashy Cheek
The Blood begins to glow; and gentle Sighs
That heave her Breast fore-run returning Life.

Luc. Am I awake, and may believe my Sense,
Or did I dream, and is it all Delusion?
Did I not see *Sebastian*?

Seb. O my Love!

'Tis not a Dream; Behold, thy happy Husband
Thus folds Thee in his glad and longing Arms;
Transported once again to gaze upon Thee.

Luc. So great is my Surprise, so strong my Fears,
Still I should doubt my Senses play'd me false;
But that my beating Heart confirms my Soul,
That only Love and You could raise this Tumult,

This

This flood of Passion, Joy, and tender Transport.
Now thou art come, I'll bid adieu to Grief;
And lull each Care upon thy gen'rous Bosom.

Seb. O! I could ever listen to thy Talk;
Such wondrous Charms there are in all thou utter'st.
But Love has made me trespass on Respect,
And in my Raptures I forgot a Brother.

Rodrick, I owe thee much: My Heart speak for me,
I prize thy Friendship more than Words can witness.

Rod. And when I cherish not your Love and Friendship,
Let all the Shame of Falshood light upon Me.

Seb. Luciana, I present to Thee a Man
Whose Worth, and Honour, Praise would but disgrace.

Beau. You make me Blush, Friendship should never flatter.

Seb. Think not so meanly, *Beaufort*, of my Love:
My honest Soul disdains the servile Praefise.
Brother, from Me receive this gallant Hand.

Rod. Sir, I shall study to deserve the Favour;
And hope to claim a Place in your Esteem.

Beau. The Brother of my Friend is near my Heart;
That Tye bespeaks a Place, and recommends You.

Gonsf. I too demand an Int'rest in his Worth:
And claim an Uncle's Share. —

Seb. Noble *Gonsalvo*!
I'm ev'ry way a Debtor to your Love:
And my whole Life must be employ'd to thank you.

Gonsf. No more: — Such Words reproach my little Service.

But come, my Friends; you've travell'd hard to Day,
And Toil demands Refreshment. Let your Coming,
On such slight Warning, be my best Excuse
To reconcile you to our Unprovision,
And what a scanty Ev'ning Board can furnish.
I'll be your Guide: —

Seb. My Lord, I strait will follow:

But

The Perfidious Brother.

9

But Absence gives Me all a Bridegroom's Fondness ;
Permit me, for a Moment, in my Arms
To clasp this Mass of Joy, and we'll attend you.

Gonf. We shall expect you soon.

[*Exeunt.*

Remnent Sebastian, and Luciana.

Seb. O my *Luciana*!

Now let me press thee to this faithful Bosom ;
Closer, and listen how my busie Heart
Flutters, and pants with Joy to greet its Mistress.

Luc. Thou dearest best belov'd of Humane kind !
Fain would I speak the Transports of my Soul,
But wanting Words, must murmur out my Pleasure.

Seb. Was ever Man so blest in Love as I am !
Who would not bear the Toil, the Pains, I've suffer'd,
For this Reward ? Thus to be crown'd with Bliss ?
I'll now forget the Hardships of my Absence ;
Forget the Dangers of Destructive War :
Nor bear in mind thy cruel Father's Usage :
Forget he turn'd Thee out for being mine,
To all the Scorn of an insulting World :
And gave thee nought but Curses for thy Portion.
But Love shall turn 'em ev'ry one to Joy ;
And disappoint his Rage :——

Luc. Alas ! My Lord,
Your Absence did not mitigate his Anger ;
He still continued Cruel to the last ;
No kind Remorse, no Pity for his Child,
Found Entrance to his hard and stubborn Breast.
Since first, by loving you, I had offended
Against the Dictates of his steady Will,
Forgetting all the Love he bore my Mother,
He cast me off, and would not own me his :
When, in the Pangs of Death, I flew to see him,

C

And

The Perfidious Brother.

And bath'd with Tears his cold and trembling Hands;
 Imploring Pardon for that one Offence,
 And begging Mercy from his fleeting Breath,
 Deaf to my Cries, regardless of my Tears,
 Inexorable ev'n in Death, he left me
 Without a Parent's Blessing.—O my Grief!

Seb. Weep not, my Love; nor waste those precious Drops
 On the Reflection of his savage Nature.
 Thy more than filial Duty, and Submission,
 Has taken off the Edge of all his Curses.
 Nor shalt thou longer live, poorly dependant
 Upon the Curtesies of Old *Gonsalvo*:
 No longer shalt thou need an Uncle's kindness,
 To purchase Food and Rayment for thy Beauties.
 My prosp'rous Sword has cut my Way to Fortune,
 And I can raise thee now to all thy Wishes.
 Again like *Pedro's* Daughter shalt thou shine,
 And glitter at the Court in all the Pomp
 From which thou didst descend to take *Sebastian*.

Luc. My Lord, I would prefer the peaceful Pleasure
 Of Rural Comfort to all gawdy Grandeur:
 Then undisturb'd I might enjoy your Love,
 Free from the Fears, and anxious State of Courts;
 Where Years are spent in Equipage and Show,
 And Life in fancied Bliss is dreamt away.
 Where Pride broods on Ambition, hatching Ills,
 Which waste the World far more than Plagues or War.
 I fear that Greatness too would steal you from me;
 And, many a tedious Hour, should I be left
 A Widow'd Mourner by your painful Absence.

Seb. Trust me my Love, I'd sooner spend with Thee
 Each Hour of Life in never-ending Fondness,
 Than be the Monarch of the Conquer'd Globe.
 But yet it cannot be: — O cruel Honour!
 My Prince involv'd in War, demands my Sword;

And

The Perfidious Brother.

II

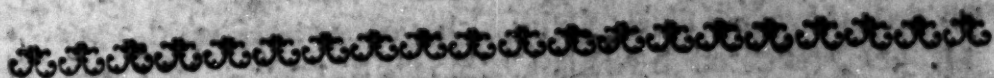
And when he calls, by Right he claims my Duty.
I've but this little Interval for Bliss,
And we will seize it all.

Luc. And must I then
Again be left? —

Seb. Some few Days past, *Luciana*,
I must again to fighting Fields return;
Where gen'rous Youths with Love of Glory burn.
Thence, when the fierce and dreadful God of Arms
Leaves the rough War for softer Beauty's Charms,
Like Him, to Thee, my *Venus*, will I fly;
Thus clasp Thee round, thus on thy Bosom lie:
Sit like the Miser o'er his glitt'ring Store;
Live in thy Looks, and ne'er forsake Thee more.

Exeunt.

The End of the first Act.



ACT II.

Enter Luciana and Selinda.

Sel. **T**ELL me, my dear *Luciana*, quickly tell me,
What heavy Anguish sits upon thy Soul;
For in thy languid Eyes I read Affliction,
And Care Usurps the Seat where Joy should dwell.
Where is that Strength of Mind, and in-born Courage,
With which thou once wert wont to brave Misfortunes?
Is all thy boasted Resolution shrunk,
Subdued by Frailty, and thy Sex's Weakness?

C 2

Luc.

The Perfidious Brother.

Luc. How would'st thou chide Me, could'st thou but suggest

The Cause of this new Gloom, and Woman's Sadness ?
But cruel Apprehension, Tyrant-like,
Has seiz'd my Brain, and will not be depos'd :
I shudder at the Thought of fancied Terrors ;
And dread the Omen of a frightful Vision.

Sel. Has then the Mock'ry of a Dream disturb'd you,
The Work of Sickly Spleen, and Indigestion ?
The Labour of disturb'd and roving Fancy,
When Reason sleeps, and boiling Humours govern !
The Care of Dreams should vanish with the Night ;
And the wak'd Soul, collecting all its Pow'rs,
Stand up, and scorn imaginary Horror.

Luc. Think not, *Selinda*, Dreams are all alike
The vain Impertinence of Sportive Fancy :
Indulgent Heav'n may influence our Slumbers,
And a Commission'd Vision have its Weight,
To guide, or warn Us of impending Danger :
I've heard, that secret Crimes have been disclos'd,
Others prevented by this Child of Sleep ;
That, from the Nightly Visitation's Dread,
The Murth'rer's steely Breast has been Unlock'd ;
Conscience alarm'd, and urg'd to swift Confession.

Sel. But what might thine import, of dreadful Notice,
To stamp these strong Impressions on thy Soul ?

Luc. I'll tell Thee all the Substance of its Terrors,
Tho' what they may import, foresee I cannot :
Last Night, when, in my lov'd *Sebastian's* Arms,
The Leaden Hand of Sleep had clos'd my Eyes,
And balmy Rest stole on my well-pleas'd Senses ;
Methoughts, with sudden Crash, the Curtains open'd ;
And near my Pillow stood, ghastly and pale,
The rev'rend Shade of my Departed Sire :
His Brows were knit with Frowns, his Visage stern,

His

His Eye-balls red, and flashing with Resentment ;
A-while he fix'd their glaring Beams upon Me,
Then, Wretch ! said He, in hoarse and hollow Tone,
Think not, tho' I am dead, and laid in Earth,
Thy Guilt shall pass unmark'd, or thou escape
The Vengeance due to Filial Disobedience ;
No, from the Grave my Curses shall pursue Thee,
And drive Thee to the very Verge of Fate.
Then did he seem to draw a deadly Dagger,
And told me Blood and Mischief must ensue !
Trembling I turn'd, and sought *Sebastian's* Bosom ;
But found him Cold, and Pale as Winter Moon-light ;
But as I rose, methoughts, to know the Cause,
He seem'd no more my Husband, but thy Father,
Gonsalva kill'd, and welk'ring in his Gore.

Sel. The Tale has chill'd me, and my curdling Blood
Like Icicles, hangs in my frozen Veins.

Luc. I cannot count each Incident of Horror ;
But something more was done, which scapes Remembrance :
I heard the Voice of *Beaufort*, loud and raging ;
And *Rod'rick* too, design'd for thy Embrace,
Was busie in the Scene of Dread Confusion.

Sel. All must be fatal then, if he were present ;
Destruction was on Foot, and he employ'd
To do some Act of Hell, and plotted Malice.
Think not I e'er can yield to wed that *Rod'rick* :
Avert it, Heav'n, that I should be so curs'd
To be the Partner of his hated Bed :
Death, Want, or Tortures would be Blessings to it.

Luc. Tho' I must own, for Reasons strong and weighty,
(Which yet shall sleep, private and undisclos'd ;)
I cannot treat him with a Sister's Love ;
Yet much I wonder, whence such earnest Hate,
Such fixt Aversion should possess thy Soul,
That Thou, uninjur'd, do'st detest his Person.

Sel.

The Perfidious Brother.

Sel. I'll tell thee then: — (whate'er thy Reasons be,
Perhaps thou wilt confess my Wrongs are equal.)
Know, e'er I was acquainted with his Passion,
I had retir'd, as oft it was my Custom,
To the lone Grove, which bounds our spacious Garden,
T' avoid the parching of the Noon-tide Sun,
And taste the Pleasures of the fresh'ning Breezes.
There on a Bank reclin'd, my Robes all loose,
While I was lost in Solitude and Thought,
The crafty *Rod'rick* stole unmark'd upon me,
Threw himself down, and clasp'd me in his Arms,
And almost stifled me with loathsome Kisses.

Luc. Most Insolent, and Rude!

Sel. What will you call it,
When you have heard the Sequel of his Baseness?
I struggled to get loose, but all in vain;
For he, outmast'ring my too feeble Force,
Held me, regardless of my Frowns and Out-cries,
And told me 'twas the prosp'rous Hour of Love.
Fir'd by the kind Occasion, and my Youth,
Then he with brutal Violence attempted
To force me to Dishonour: —

Luc. Ha! — the Villain! —

Sel. But Heav'n, that still befriends our Innocence,
Ev'n while the Means of Rescue seem most distant,
Arm'd me for my Defence: His unsheath'd Dagger,
Did in the Struggle fall within my reach:
Seizing it, with an Arm uplift for Vengeance,
I vow'd to Heav'n, unless he strait releas'd me,
To strike the Ponyard to his treach'rous Heart:
When aw'd with Guilt, and my resenting Fury,
He loos'd me, and I fled the threatned Danger.

Luc. Now I no longer wonder at thy Hate,
The Traytor merits all thy Scorn and Anger,
And I will join with Thee to curse his Baseness.

My

The Perfidious Brother.

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My Nature shrinks, and startles at his sight,
Methinks I meet my Fate at his Approach;
And when he fawns, and sues to do a Service,
It is a Bait to catch the Soul which trusts him:
Whene'er he Smiles, his Heart is forming Ills;
And when he proffers Love, he means Destruction.

Sel. Let's dwell no longer on this hated Subject;
O my *Luciana*, were he but as near
In Honour, as in Blood, to thy *Sebastian*,
How would it joy my Soul to call thee Sister.
But see, thy Husband's Friend, the gallant Stranger,
Beaufort approaches; mark, with what a Grace,
And awful Mein he treads! —

Luc. Take heed, *Selinda*,
Least the pleas'd Eye betray the cred'ulous Heart:
Men are by Nature false, and prone to Change,
And tho' with streaming Eyes, and bended Knees,
They swear, intreat, and flatter for our Love,
Possession palls 'em strait, and we're neglected.

Sel. Too many merit the Reproach of Falshood,
But till I find you've cause to tax *Sebastian*,
I'll hold my fair Opinion of the Sex.

Enter Beaufort.

Beau. So early up! — Sure, Ladies, you design'd
T' out-vie the Sun in all his Morning-Glories;
Or copy Beauties from *Aurora's* Blushes.

Sel. It seems more strange You should so soon be stirring,
Since Nature wearied asks for more Refreshment,
And makes our Slumbers trespass on the Morning.

Beau. A Soldier's Life enures us much to Toil,
With painful Marches, and continued Watchings.
We are but scanty Borrowers from Repose;
The whistling Winds rock us to Sleep awhile,

And

And then we rise renew'd, and fresh for Labour.
But say, how fares my Friend, my best *Sebastian*?

Luc. Thanks to the gracious Pow'rs, most well, and
chearful!

But Two Years Absence makes our little Home
New to his Eye, and ev'ry Object pleases:
Already is he gone to view the Garden,
(Pray Heav'n the chilling Dews hurt not his Health!)
He charg'd me, when you rose, to give him Notice;
I know he will be glad thus to be summon'd.

[*Exit Luciana.*

Selinda offering to go, Beaufort stops her.

Beau. Stay, cruel Fair One, grudge me not the Joy
Of gazing on those lovely, killing Beauties.
By Heav'n, and all my Hopes of Bliss hereafter,
Never till now did I behold such Charms.
With cold Indiff'rence have I view'd your Sex,
And still been arm'd against Desire and Love.
But you have caught my Soul; the more I look,
The stronger is your Pow'r; my vanquish'd Heart
Submits to be enslav'd, and owns your Triumphs.

Sel. Such Language from a Stranger would surprize me,
But that I know Courtships are built on Custom:
The Gallantry o'th' Age prescribes you Flatt'ry,
And Protestations are the Phrase in Fashion.

Beau. Think not so meanly of my gen'rous Love;
Now, by the Honour of a Soldier's Calling,
I scorn the little Artifice of Custom.
The Curse of Infamy fall on my Head,
If, better than my Life, I do not love Thee:
If my fond Heart holds Thee not all Perfection:
If I'd not brave all Dangers Fate could urge,
Or leap a dreadful Precipice to gain Thee!

Sel. Hold, Sir, you must desist, or I must leave you:

For

For know, already from my Father's Hand,
Am I commanded to receive a Husband ;
And, tho' I freely own I dread his Choice,
My Virtue and Obedience both forbid me
To lend an Ear to any Talk of Love,
Which thwarts the Purpose of his steady Will :
If then you would not have me shun your Presence,
You must be silent on that Theme for ever.

Beau. Be silent! — O recall that hasty Sentence ;
For whilst I've Life I must adore your Beauties,
And still pursue you with unwearied Passion :
O! can you be so fatally Observant,
In blind Obedience to a harsh Decree,
Form'd by the stubborn Will of Testy Age,
To plunge your self in Woe, and wed the Man
You own you dread, because he says you must ?
Forbid it Heav'n ! O gen'rous lovely Maid,
E'er Fate has put that dreadful Bar between us,
While yet there's Hope, permit me thus to kneel
And plead the Cause of faithful Love.

Enter a Servant.

Sel. No more : —

Serv. Madam, your Father waits impatient for you.

[Exit Servant.]

Sel. I come : — But oh ! my Heart ! with how much Dread :
Perhaps, he means to press the fatal Nuptials ;
But be it as it will, I must obey him.
Farewel : — —

Beau. Nay, do not shake me off so soon,
Let me pursue Thee to the Chamber Door ;
For, like a Wretch condemn'd to instant Death,
I'd hedge a Moment in of Life and Joy,
And put the dreadful Separation off.

[Exit.]
Enter

D

Enter Roderick.

Rod. Tis wond'rous well; so hasty, my young Soldier,
 T' invade my Right, and work thy close Intreagues
 Against the hospitable House which holds Thee?
 I mark'd Her too, and tho' her Tongue forbad him,
 Her Looks implied her Heart approv'd his Courtship.
 But 'tis no matter, I can brook a Rival,
 Who, tho' she love him, cannot hurt my Claim.
Sebastian, — and alone — Then flourish Mischief!
 I know him hot, and violent of Temper;
 Excess of Love, and Fear of being injur'd,
 Will make him Jealous on the least Suspicion.
 I'll pour the Venom deep, and let it scatter:
 But he approaches: Poor, unhappy Brother!

Enter Sebastian.

Foully thou'rt wrong'd, but little think'st her false:
 Her Acts impose upon thy gen'rous Nature.
 Tho' long I have surmis'd her loose of Carriage;
 Till now I never knew she was so base.

Seb. What means this? *Rod'rick*, —*Rod.* Ha! My Brother's Voice?

I fear, I was o'er-heard: — Good Morning, Sir;
 How have you rested?

Seb. *Rod'rick*, where's my Wife?

Rod. Brother, you seem to wear a Discomposure,
 And question me, as tho' I were her Guard.
 Did not *Luciana* lie the happy Night
 Glaspt in your warm Embrace?

Seb. Well, and what then? —

Rod. Then I presume, she may not be displeas'd
 To take th' Advantage of the Morning's Slumber.

Seb.

The Perfidious Brother.

19

Seb. Ha ! Wherefore do'st thou trifle with me thus,
And mock me into Rage ? Did I not hear Thee
Compassionate the monstrous Wrongs I suffer'd,
And mention Falshood, which thou wert apprised of ?
By Heav'n, thou'st rais'd a Tempest in my Bosom
Which only Thou canst calm ; let not my Soul
Be tortur'd on the Rack of hideous Doubts ;
But ease it quickly ; tell me, what could make Thee
Hold such Suspicious Converse with thy self,
And pity Wrongs which are to me unknown ?

Rod. Since you o'er-heard, Equivocation's vain ;
But do not urge me to disclose a Trifle,
Which known, may rob your Soul of Rest for ever.
Perhaps, my jealous Spirit may be deceiv'd ;
And my too partial Love for You induce me
To censure Her too rashly ; and misconstrue
Th' allow'd, and common Gallantries of Nature
For crimeful Levity : — Besides, 'twere better
To rest in doubt, than be resolv'd of Ill.

Seb. No, better know the worst of all my Fortunes,
And sink beneath th' oppressing Load at once ;
Than linger out a wretched Life in Doubt,
And be the Slave of Fear ! — Let me conjure thee,
As thou did'st ever hold *Sebastian* dear,
Strait to disclose the Scope of all thy Knowledge.
For could'st thou form a Tale of so much Horror,
Would make the Damn'd to shudder in their Pains,
Thou could'st not wound my Ears with half that Force,
With which Imagination stabs my Soul.

Rod. Since you will have it then, — tho, with Reluctance,
I own you wring the Matter from my Breast ;
I've Reasons to believe your Wife disloyal,
And that sh's wrong'd your Bed :

Seb. Enough ! — No more : —
She's foul, and tainted as the swarthy *Ethiop* ;

The Perfidious Brother.

The Shame of Virtue, and Reproach of Wedlock :
 Yet tell me, thou can'st go beyond Belief ;
 Then lead me from this Maze of dark Surmises ;
 Teach bold Suspicion how to talk from Knowledge,
 From Consequence, and Certainty of Falshood.

Rod. I cannot from direct Assertion tax her,
 But may with Circumstances aid Conjecture :
 During your Absence, I have noted oft
 The young *Bellarion* has been private with her.
 I've seen him gaze on her, (for I have watch'd 'em,
 Secret, and unsuspected ;) till Desire
 Glow'd on his Cheek, and sparkled in his Eyes.
 Then has he rush'd, and caught her in his Arms,
 And on her melting Lips printed hot Kisses.
 Call'd her his Life, wish'd her to let him take
 A full Possession of her darling Beauties,
 And lie transported on her snowy Bosom.
 Whilst she, resisting just enough to raise
 His Ardor more, would blush, and answer coldly,
 O no ! I cannot, dare not break the Vow
 Which once I made *Sebastian* at the Altar.

Seb. Most Infamous and Lewd ! — But tell me, *Rodrick*,
 Was't more than once, and did she still continue
 T' admit his Visits after this Presumption ?

Rod. Seldom a Day but they would be together.

Seb. Perdition ! Scorpions sting her guilty Breast,
 And double all my Tortures on the Traytress !
 Yet can it be ? — Unpresidented Baseness !
 If this be true, by righteous Heav'n I swear,
 By Heav'n, the just Avenger of her Guilt,
 She's foul, and black as Hell : —

Rod. You doubt me then ?
 Why did you wish t' extort th' Impeachment from me,
 If, when disclos'd, you meant not to believe it ?
 So help me Justice, were you not my Brother,

And

And that our House's Honour is concern'd,
Your Infamy should arm you like *Aëdon*,
For ev'ry giggling Fool to gaze and point at,
E'er I would meddle in the Cause of Shame,
Or turn Informer of a Woman's Freedoms. —

Seb. O that thou did'st belie her! — but forgive me ;
I know the Brand of Cuckold sticks upon me :
And yet, so dearly have I lov'd the false One,
That had I Gems, which would out-buy the World,
I'd give 'em all, be stript of Fortune's Favours,
And stand the sharp Severities of Fate ;
Could I by such a Bribe translate her Soul
To it's first Whiteness : — But it cannot be : —
She is recorded Treach'rous, and Disloyal ;
And Infamy is ne'er to be eras'd :
O *Rod'rick*, there is Poyson in thy Story ;
The working Venom spreads thro' all my Pow'rs :
And chafes Ease, and Comfort from my Soul.
I feel th' imprison'd Passions all unchain'd,
Rebellious to the gentle Sway of Reason ;
Fury, and Love, Revenge, and bitt'rest Hate,
Possess my Bosom with alternate Discord,
And with Vicissitude of Tortures shake me.

Rod. No more of this: Why should you thus be mov'd
For a vile Woman who deserves it not ?
You've us'd her with that nobleness of Temper,
That exquisite Degree of tender Passion,
As shou'd have forc'd the best Returns of Love,
From Souls where Gratitude and Virtue dwelt.
Consider then how heinous is her Guilt : —
These Pangs arise from the Remains of Love,
Tho' strongly shock'd, he still would keep Possession.
But if you mean to reassume Content,
Call up your Indignation to your Rescue :

Be resolute, and stung with just Resentment,
Cast her for ever from you.

Seb. Yes, I will;
I must: Tho' Pity pleads the Cause of Love,
Staggers my stern Resolves, and softens Fury.

Rod. Hold, not to aggravate her certain Falshood,
Let her not know that you suspect her Faith,
But have a wary Eye on her, and *Beaufort*:
There's something, I've observ'd, has pass'd between 'em
Savours not much of Honour.

Seb. Flames, and Sulphur! ———
'Tis all Illusion: *Beaufort* turn a Fiend!
Break thro' the sacred Bonds of Trust and Friendship,
And dare sollicit, on so short a Knowledge,
My faithless Wife to lewd adulterous Pleasure!

Rod. I did but counsel you to mark his Carriage;
Perhaps he may recant, and act with Honour.

Seb. Have Sense, and Reason juggled to betray me?
Beaufort has, in a Thousand dang'rous Trials,
Approv'd his Friendship of no common Mould:
And can he now be false?—Unsteady Virtue!
How frail thy Dictates, when a Woman's Eyes,
Can draw thy Foll'wers off, and urge Pollution!
I thank my Fortune yet, that will not let me
Drag out an anxious Life in changing Tortures;
But crushes me at once with weighty Sorrow.

Rod. Come, let your Griefs inspire your Rage: Remember
You're doubly wrong'd; and that his Breach of Friendship,
And your polluted Bed call loud for Vengeance.

Seb. Well urg'd! I'll shake off this lethargick Fondness;
Rage and Revenge shall take up all my Soul.
I'll meditate some yet unheard of Tortures:
Yes, *Roderick*, thou shalt find I will resent,
And study Vengeance equal to their Baseness.

Exit Sebastian.

Rod.

The Perfidious Brother.

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Rod. So, now the Storm is up, blow strongly Winds;
For ev'ry Blast will help to work my Fortunes.
O what a Joy 'twill be to see them bulge,
And strike on hidden Rocks of sure Destruction!
I question not but your religious Dotards,
Who mortify, and feed on barren Virtue,
Were they to know these Deeds, would call me Villain.
But let 'em rail, and pride themselves in Conscience,
Whilst I each Bliss within my grasp Surprise,
I'll leave to them Reversions in the Skies.

Exit Rod'rick.

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III.

Enter Roderick following Selinda.

Rod. I Bless the Chance, that once again permits me:
In private here to tell you of my Pains:
How long, relentless Fair One, must I live,
And languish in Suspence? Will you for ever
Upboard the Mem'ry of one rash Attempt,
To which resistless Charms inflam'd my Love,
And still disdain me for the venial Crime?

Sel. Ha! Venial?—Dar'st thou palliate Guilt so grossly?
But wherefore do I question what thou dar'st?
To come upon me basely, by Surprise,
To watch me out, unguarded, and alone,
And then endeavour with unmanly Force
To violate my Virtue; Was this Venial?

Or:

Or do'st thou hope I can forgive thy Treach'ry?
 Be sure, if thus thou tempt'st the righteous Pow'rs,
 Tho' Mercy long with-hold the Hand of Wrath,
 A certain Vengeance will o'rtake thy Crimes.

Rod. Thus when I mention Love and urge my Passion,
 With Woman's Wiles you still divert the Theme;
 Why am I brav'd? Or do you think to fright me,
 As Nurses do their Children, with a Tale
 Of Goblins, and Illusions of the Brain?
 Forget these little Arts, and be thy self,
 A Woman born for Love, and sprightly Pleasure:
 By Heav'n, you're wond'rous fair!

Sel. The more my Beauty,
 The weaker is your Claim, the less your Merit.

Rod. Why, were your Charms greater than *Cleopatra's*,
 I've bid a noble Price to make them mine;
 Consenting to forego my glorious Freedom,
 Become a Slave, and drag the Marriage Chain.

Sel. I wonder not that Libertines, like thee,
 Should dread Restraint from Vice, and term it Bondage:
 Thou count'st it Freedom, uncontroul'd to range,
 Chase wild Desires, and riot on Enjoyment;
 Pursuits which Virtue scorns, as mean and servile.
 She calls it Liberty to vanquish Passion,
 Draw back the wandring Soul from wanton Pleasure,
 And fix her in the Paths of Truth and Honour.

Rod. No more of this;— But crown me with your Love,
 And, being happy, I'll forget I'm bound:
 Nay, do not frown, unless you would destroy,
 Unless your angry Eyes can dart Destruction;
 But rather chear me with one gladd'ning Smile,
 Whilst I, with trembling Joy, approach your Beauties;
 Breath on that lovely Hand my faithful Vows;
 And, with a Kiss, seal me for ever yours.

Sel. Stand off! Away! I cannot brook thy fondness;
 There

There is Pollution in thy horrid Touch,
And my chill Blood runs back, as thou approachest.

Rod. Take head, disdainful Maid. —

Sel. No, since you urge me,
My swelling Bosom shall unload its freight;
I hold Thee as a Thing made up for Mischief,
A Mass of Ills, and uninform'd by Honour:
Incapable of Good; Flatt'ring, and Base;
Whose grov'ling Soul can fawn and still pursue,
Tho', with repeated Scorn, each Day I meet Thee;
Tho', I profess, I hate Thee; dread thy Nuptials;
And would in Death avoid thy loath'd Embrace.

Rod. Then I return your Hate with treble Malice,
Since you disdain my Love: But know, Proud Maid,
Spite of this Insolence, this boasted Hatred,
And, tho' I scorn Thee more than once I lov'd,
Thy Father's Approbation seals Thee mine,
And, in that Claim secure, I will possess Thee:
Wed thee in Tears, and triumph in thy Grief;
Then clasp Thee in these Arms, with Wanton Pride,
Taste all thy Sweets with full Delight, whilst Thou,
Drooping and faint with Unavailing Struggles,
Shalt labour to repel thy pow'rful Lover:
Then if perchance, in Bitterness of Anguish,
Aversion makes Thee howl, by Heav'n, 'twill please me.

Sel. Be hush'd my Heart, and stifle all thy Rage: —
I smile at those vain Threats, and scorn thy Malice;
Tho' Nature claims Obedience at my Hands,
And I must bow Me to a Parent's Will,
Yet when I plead, and shall report Thee to Him,
I know he will relent, regard my Tears,
And never force Me to a Monster's Bed.

Ex. Selin.

Rod. Why, go thy ways, Imperious, haughty Scorners!
I'll make Thee mine, be it but in thy Right

The Perfidious Brother.

To make my Self thy Father's Certain Heir;
 And laugh at Fortune, and my cheated Brother,
 But soft, *Gonsalvo's* here; my Tool for Mischief;
 My Instrument to propagate Destruction!

Enter Gonsalvo.

Gons. *Rodrick*, where are the Hopes with which you
 flush'd Me?

Quickly, disclose the Way I may possess Her;
 For, ev'ry Moment of my Life, Desire
 Grows stronger, and I burn with Expectation.

Rod. Be patient, Sir, and wait the promis'd Hour;
 Check for a while the fierceness of your Passion,
 You may securely hope you shall Enjoy her.

Gons. Flatter me not, nor sooth this doating Breast,
 Unless thy Hopes are most securely grounded.
 But say, what Progress ha'st thou made to serve Me?

Rod. Already have I fir'd *Sebastian's* Breast
 With Rage, and sown the Seeds of rank Suspicion:
 Drawn such a Curtain o'er his Consort's Honour,
 That tho' She shone fair as a Cherub late,
 Dark and diminish'd now, She seems to him
 (Whose Eyes are dimm'd with Jealousie, and Fears;)
 Spotted as Infamy, and black as Hell.

Gons. But how does this avail, or help my Cause?

Rod. My Lord, if I mistake not, much 'twill help Us.
 For should she let him know that we've been tampering,
 He'll judge it to be Art, and practis'd Falshood:
 Suspect a Story forg'd to varnish Guilt,
 And shut the Ear of Credit on her Babblings.
 Then breeding Jarrs betwixt 'em cools her Love
 To him, perhaps, and kindles up Distaste;
 Then, in the Heat of Rage and Accusation,
 Humour the Bent of her tempestuous Soul;

Revenge,

Revenge, or Gratitude may make her Pliant.

Gonf. Ha! by my Soul, 'tis probably contriv'd.
And I have Hopes Fortune will crown the Project.

O *Rod'rick*, let me clasp Thee for thy Love;
My Life, and Happiness are owing to Thee.

Rod. May I complain, my Lord, that whilst I thus
Pursue the Means to make my Uncle happy,
Rod'rick is most Unfortunate? — *Selinda*,

Deaf to your Orders, and my ardent Vows,
Scornful, unkind, and obstinately Cruel,
Rejects my Love. —

Gonf. She dares not disobey Me:
By her dead Mother's Soul, I swear, she dares not.

'Tis fixt as Fate, *Selinda* shall be thine:
The glowing Morn shall give Her to thy Arms.

Go, seek *Sebastian* out, pursue thy Wiles;
And rouse the sleeping Scorpions in his Bosom.

I'll to my Daughter, reinforce my Order,
And soon prepare Her to approve my Choice.

Rod. By such a Grant you bind Me yours for ever.

Exeunt severally.

SCENE changes to an Inward Apartment.

Sebastian discover'd sitting at a Table.

Seb. I cannot find a Phrase t' upbraid her with;
But I more shame to write her horrid Guilt,
Than She to practise it: Perfidious Woman!
Thy Treach'ry and Dishonour wound my Soul.
The glorious Sun, who travels o'er the Globe,
Sees not a Wretch, in all his gawdy Round,
So Curst as I: — Why was I made this Thing,
To be the Mark of Scorn, the common Subject
Of ev'ry drunken Slave's reproachful Mirth?

Confusion! — O my Brain! — Distraction seize me,
And I shall then be happy: — O *Luciana*! —

Enter Luciana.

Luc. Why am I summon'd in such mournful Accents?
Why that contracted Brow, that Voice of Sorrow?
Wildness of Grief, sits on your alter'd Visage;
You are not well, my Lord: Ha! turn away!
Am I not worth a Look? Am I detested?
O let me know the Cause of all this Strangeness,
This sudden Damp, this Mystery of Sadness.

Seb. Oh! —

Luc. Wherefore heaves your Bosom with that Sigh,
As it would burst, and Life were on the Wing?
Explain this hidden Weight of Tyrant Wee,
And let me share the Torment of your Soul.

Seb. Stand off; — be gone; — and leave me to my Sorrows.

Luc. Amazement! O *Sebastian*, whence this Usage,
This stern Behaviour to your loving Wife?
What have I done, thus to be banish'd from you?

Seb. Ha! would'st thou shuffle, and evade thy Crime
With pleaded Ignorance, pernicious Traytrefs?
Thou most disloyal Wretch! Damn'd, damn'd Dissembler!
But I forget my self: — Thou wert my Wife, —

Luc. And am I not so still, cruel *Sebastian*,
Your faithful, loving Wife? —

Seb. Insist not on it;
I've Reasons why I would not think thou wert so.
I did not wed Thee, say?

Luc. What means my Lord?
Too well you know, you did.

Seb. Then would I had not!

Luc. Would I had dy'd, e'er I had heard you say so!
I can remember when you've blest the Time;

When,

When, in the tenderest Serains of Love, you've sworn
Heav'n meant you Blessings when it gave you Me;
Have you forgot?

Seb. Curs'd be the Day that join'd us!
And doubly Curs'd the Hour, when first I view'd
Those Charms which drew Me to thy hated Bed.
Let it be torn from the Records of Time,
Or stand distinguish'd out by future Horrors;
A Period, for all Practises of Hell
To be concerted, or accomplish'd in!

Luc. Unkind Sebastian! Oh, it is too much.

(*She swoons.*)

Seb. She seems to faint, the trifling Hypocrite!
Shallow Dissimulation! 'Tis a Trick
Learnt by the Faithless Sex to practise on us:
Come, come, you cannot thus impose on Me:
Ha! could she counterfeit that Death-like Paleness?
Guilt and Conviction must have wrought upon her:
Drops of cold Sweat stand on her dewy Forehead.
These must be Signs of agonizing Nature;
Oppression has lock'd up the Vital Pow'rs,
And Life appears but in convulsive Struggles.
Spite of my self, my Wrongs, and all her Baseness,
To see her thus my Tenderness returns.
I'll bow her forwards — Oh for some Assistance
To bring her back, but to repent her Falshood!
But see, she stirs; —

Luc. Why do you hold me thus?
Why labour to bring back my fleeting Soul?
For Pity, let me shrink into the Cold,
But friendly Arms of Death, and sleep for ever;
Nor force me to reanimate this Clay
With Sense of Pain, and Smart of sharpest Woe.

Seb. Who would not think she had a real Sorrow,
To see her thus affected? — But, we know,
That artful Women, absolute in Wiles,

Can

Can Smile, and Frown, look Gay, and Weep at Pleasure,
And coin their Faces to each new Occasion.

Luc. My Lord, if such I may presume to call You,
I throw Me at your Feet, and do conjure You,
As you hope Pardon at that dreadful Day
When all your Deeds shall come to strictest Audit,
To tell me what has rais'd your Wrath against me,
That thus you spurn, and make me from your Soul
As a detested Creature:

Seb. Are you determin'd
Still to maintain this Shew of Ignorance,
When you're too Conscious of the cursed Cause?

Luc. By all the Love I bear you then, I am not.

Seb. The Love thou bear'st me! — Sly, pernicious Strumpet!

Luc. How!

Seb. Strumpet, — if thou lik'st the Repetition,
Hast thou not sold thy Honour, branded Me
With Shame, and rob'd me of my Peace for ever?
Giv'n up thy Loyalty, and broke fair Truth,
And plighted Vows, for the most sullen Joy
Of an adulterous Moment?

Luc. O my Rage!
The swelling Spleen contends to choke my Utterance:
For Modesty, if not for Love, my Lord,
Make foul Suspicion speak a gentler Language;
To One, who dares the World to brand her Fame,
Or tax her with a Breach of Duty to you.
I can bear much, *Sebastian*, much from You,
But you provoke me in too high a Nature,
I shall not soon forgive the heinous Charge,
Tho' on your Knees perhaps you may request it.

Seb. Most glorious Insolence! Confusion — what,
Guilty and threaten! brave me to my Face!
Know, false One, yet my Vengeance is not ripe;
Else I would mangle that offending Form,
Tear

Tear out those glowing Eyes, rip up thy Bosom,
And lay Adult'ry open to the World.
But think not my Repentment, tho' differ'd,
Shall slacken by Delay: If thou would'st live,
Repent, confess thy Crime, and merit Mercy.

[Exit Sebastian.]

Luc. Repent, confess my Crime, if I would live!
No, Life's a Burthen now Sebastian's cruel
He nam'd Adult'ry too, and foul Dishonour,
Tax'd me with broken Vows, and call'd me Strumpet
What can this mean? Unriddle it, ye Powers,
For I'm bawlder'd in a Maze of Error:
Well; let him rip this faithful Bosom up;
Could he look inwards, and read o'er my Thoughts,
He would not meet with One to witness for him,
Or plead in Favour of this barb'rous Usage.
What if the envious Rodrick has done this?
Has prepossess'd him with some hellish Tale,
And wrought this Mischief? But it matters not,
How, or by whom, my Virtue is traduc'd,
For since He thinks me False, I must be Wretched.

Enter Selinda.

Sel. O my Luciana, pity thy lost Friend;
The haughty Rodrick does insult my Weakness,
And boasts he's wrought my Father to his Will.
But wherefore those swollen Eyes, this streaming Sorrow?
Sure Grief is grown contagious, spreads around,
And stalks in Triumph o'er this wretched House.
I met Sebastian too, with folded Arms,
Striding with hasty Steps, and in his Eyes
I read the Marks of Rage and high Displeasure.
Whence all this Discontent?

Cont.

Luc. O my *Selinda*,
Think not these Tears flow on a trivial Cause:
My Husband, Oh! my Husband ———

Sel. What of him?
Have you a Grief you dare not trust Me with,
Or have I lost the Priviledge of Friendship?
If still I'm worthy to partake your Love,
Disclose your Sorrow.

Luc. Shame, and Rage prevent Me: ———

Sel. 'Twill ease your lab'ring Soul, and lighten Anguish.

Luc. O never, never: — Could'st thou think it?

Sel. What?

Luc. That he should use me like a Common Wretch! —

Sel. What did he do?

Luc. In bitt'rest Terms revil'd Me;
Swore I had injur'd Him, and call'd me Strumpet.

Sel. Sure you mistook; he did not, could not say it.

Luc. Indeed he did; in Anger call'd me Strumpet;
And curst the fatal Hour, in which he first
Beheld this hated Face.

Sel. Forbear; — my Father ———

Enter Gonsalvo.

Gons. Daughter, prepare you to be *Rod'rick's* Bride;
To Morrow I've decreed to make you His:
For now *Sebastian's* here to grace your Nuptials,
We'll not protract the purpos'd Ceremony.

Sel. Sir, on my Knees, I beg, you will not force me
To wed the only Man on Earth I hate.
Rather bestow me on some lowly Peasant,
With Joy I'll yield my Hand, and meet your Pleasure:
Are you grown weary of your wretched Daughter,
That thus you throw me off to certain Woe,
To be the Slave of an insulting Tyrant?

Gons.

Gonf. Be dumb, thou obstinate, disputing Fool!
Learn to be wiser; nor refuse a Man
Whose Love deserves more generous Returns.

Sel. His Love! — Indeed, my Lord, he does not love;
Ev'n to my Face has he avow'd his Hate:
And says, he'll wed me to revenge my Scorn,
And gain the Pow'r to use me at his Will.
O Sir, by all you ever yet held dear,
Let me conjure You, spare your trembling Child,
Save me from Ruin, Misery, and Madness,
And for a while suspend this Doom of Horror. —

Gonf. Still bent on Stubbornness and Disobedience!
Hear me, rash Girl; submit thee to my Will;
Or, by the holy Saints, I'll turn Thee out
From all Paternal Care, a common Vagrant;
And Shame and Beggary shall be thy Portion.
No more Replies; — My Resolution stands,
And on thy Choice depends thy After-Fate.

Exit Gonsalvo.

Sel. He's gone: — Inhumane Father! — O *Luciano*,
Now can I match my Griefs with any Wretch,
Whom Fortune has made sick of anxious Life;
For Death had been more welcome than this Sentence.
Fain wou'd I die, to rest from painful Thought,
And disappoint my Fears.

Luc. Trust me, *Selinda*,
Tho' harass'd and o'ercome with private Woe,
Thy Sorrows share my Breast, and double Anguish.
Would I could give Thee Hopes, —

Sel. It cannot be;
The stern *Gonsalvo*, resolute, and cruel,
Will give me up a Victim to Despair,
To *Rod'rick's* hated Arms: — Oh dreaded Union!

Luc. 'Tis hard; but barb'rous Man will be obey'd:
O let us leave, my Friend, the Lordly Tyrants.

F

To

The Perfidious Brother.

To some remote, and desert Wild let's go,
 Where Fathers, or where Husbands are unheard of:
 And shunning them, prevent our future Woe.
 If we survey the Order of Creation,
 Form'd last, we were the noblest Work of Heav'n;
 And so by Nature were design'd for Rule.
 But now, with Pow'r usurp'd, Man lords it o'er us;
 With artful Wiles they first our Sex betray'd;
 Conq'ring, impos'd the Laws themselves they made;
 And did, with Force unjust, our rightful Sway invade.

[*Exeunt.*]*The End of the third Act.*

 ACT IV. SCENE I.
Enter Sebastian.

Seb. **H**OW poor a Gift is Life, when all its Blessings,
 A Thousand Ways, are subject to Destruction!
 When all our Hopes to purchase Ease are vain,
 And we can never bid our Souls take Rest.
 When Woe springs out of Woe; and, *Hydra-like*,
 Tho' we should lap the Head of galling Anguish,
 From unforeseen Events, from hidden Causes,
 Sorrows arise more dreadful than the past.
 Tho' Nature grant the Benefit of Health,
 Tho' Fortune crown us, and our Houses flourish;
 If Treach'ry taint the Partners of our Bosoms,
 If our false Wives, sworn to be Chast and Loyal,

Forget

Forget the Vow, and brand us with Dishonour,
Where shall we find a Balm in Life to heal
That Wound of Contumely, and dire Shame?
O Jealousy! thou worst of Human Plagues!
Why do we harbour such a Fiend within us?
To lash our Hearts with new untir'd Suspicions,
And send out Thought in fresh Pursuit of Woo!

Enter Beaufort.

Beau. Sebastian! O my Friend! long have I sought Thee,
Impatient to unfold each lab'ring Thought,
Which swells my Breast. O listen to my Fondness,
And let me tell Thee how my Heart adores Her;
How much her Beauties have inflam'd my Soul:
O she is milder than the Queen of Love,
Fair as the Light, and fragrant as the Spring:
Born to enslave, and lead the World in Triumph.

Seb. 'Tis well: ———

Beau. 'Tis well! — What, is it only thus,
Thus that thou greet'st the Transports of my Soul?
'Tis not well done, by Heav'n, nor like *Sebastian*
To answer thus with Coldness and Neglect.

Seb. What would'st thou more?

Beau. Why do'st thou use me thus?

Seb. Because Dissimulation suits me not;
I cannot teach my Tongue the Trick of Falshood:
Nor dint my Cheek into a servile Smile,
To cloak the Rancour of my boiling Heart.

Beau. I understand you not, your Words are dark,
And intricate as juggling Oracles:
If thou ha'st Ought to say concerns my Knowledge,
Speak plain; and wrap not thus your Phrase in Clouds.

Seb. Does not thy Soul upbraid thee then?

Beau. With what?

Seb. With secret Crimes, and breach of sacred Friendship?

Beau. I never broke the Band; take heed that Thou
Dissolv'st it not with base and poor Suspitions.

Seb. He that can do an Injury, when tax'd,
Will never scruple to deny the Deed.

Beau. If those reflected Injuries aim at Me,
Say, who is my Accuser?

Seb. Beaufort, I am.

Beau. And what is then my Crime?

Seb. Death, and Perdition! —

Rage, and Reflection gnaw my Heart in pieces:
Can'st thou presume I will repeat my Shame,
To sooth thy impious Pride, and swell thy Triumphs?
No; since thy Guilt's betray'd, thy Falshood clear,
Nought now remains but to revenge the Wrong;
And with thy Blood to wash the Stain away.

Beau. This wild, ungrounded Passion speaks like Madness;
Some sudden, strange Abuse has hurt thy Reason:
Wert thou thy Self, I know, thou would'st not act
A Violence like this.

Seb. Poor, and Infatig! —
But do not think to battle't with thy Tongue.
No Rhet'rick can defend thy matchless Guilt:
Then draw thy Sword, and give me Reparation. [Draws.

Beau. Away! thou wilt not kill thy faithful Friend?
Call back thy cooler Thoughts, and steady Temper:
Then I will hear Thee.

Seb. Stay, and do me Justice,
Or, by the Rage which burns within my Breast,
You run upon my Point.

Beau. Ha! yet be patient; —
Are we not Friends? — But thou art mad, and desp'rate:
I'll shun Thee, as I would a Beast of Prey;
For should I stay, I too may catch the Frenzy.

Seb. Traytor, beyond this Bound thou can'st not pass:
Death.

Death guards the Place.

Beau. Why do'st thou urge me thus
To draw down Ruin on Thee?

Seb. This dull Tameness
Will make me think, 'tis more than Man can do
To stir thy languid Soul up to Resentment.

Beau. No more of that; thou know'st I am no Coward:
Let me not boast past Actions to upbraid Thee.
But had I been that Thing, thou had'st not liv'd
To breath these Provocations: No; Remember
The Day of Slaughter, when, born down by Numbers,
I rush'd betwixt Thee, and impending Fate,
And sav'd thy Life at Hazard of my own.

Seb. There's not an abject Hireling of the War,
But, when the sprightly Trumpet's quickning Voice
Has rais'd his grov'ling Soul to Martial Prowess,
Would, if his drudging Comrade were o'er-pow'r'd,
Rush to his Aid, and work the like Redemption.
The Conflict hand to hand approves our Courage;
And That thou dar'st not try; but, like a Slave,
A fearful Slave, reap'st up this Tale of Rescue,
To blunt the Edge of Wrath, and shun my Vengeance.

Beau. Such Terms of rude Reproach, ev'n had I wrong'd
you,
Would clear th' Account, and set us on a Level:
Friendship, be gone; I shake thee from my Breast:
Vindictive Rage has drawn the Sword of Justice,
And Mildness is no more: Come on;—

Seb. Have at Thee.

*(As they prepare to fight, Enter Luciana, and
Selinda, who run betwixt them.)*

Luc. O horror! hold, O hold, most barb'rous Men,
Or thro' this Bosom thrust your murth'ring Swords:
Hew me to Atoms; Death will be much happier,
Than to survive, and see this fatal Discord.

Seb.

Seb. Away. ———

Luc. O never, never will I loose you
To execute the Work of bloody Rage;
Whilst I have Life, and Strength, I'll bar your Way,
And save you from a Deed will blast your Honour:
Make Valour blush at Friendship's gaping Wounds,
And wither all the Lawrels you have won.

Sel. Say, *Beaufort*, let me know what horrid Cause
Has turn'd thy Sword against *Sebastian's* Breast?

Beau. He only is to blame, most lovely Maid;
Ask Him, whose Provocations arm'd Resentment;
Infring'd the Rights of Hospitable Love:
And forc'd my Hand to guard against his Frenzy.

Seb. Ha! dar'st thou talk of Hospitable Love,
Whose Baseness has dishonour'd fair Reception?
Unhand Me: — Let me rush upon the Traytor,
And punish his Ingratitude with Death;
Or, by my Wrath, I'll cut Thee from thy Hold.

Luc. Do; — thrust thy Sword quite thro' my faithful
Heart;

Kill me, if you are bent on Blood and Slaughter:
Kill me for stopping you from horrid Murther:
For whilst I've Breath, I shall persist to hold you,
Arrest your Arm, and hang upon my Ruin.

Seb. Do'st thou then think to shield him from my Rage?
Traytress, desist; or I will spurn Thee from me.

Luc. Help! help, *Selinda*; for I cannot hold him;
O help to save him from his bloody purpose;
Or I shall dye that Moment at thy Feet.

Beau. Loose him and let him try his boasted Valour;
Tho' I condemn his Rage, I'll scourge the Madman.

Sel. *Beaufort*, if, as you late profess'd, you love Me;
And hope your Suit hereafter may be heard,
Obey my Will: This Instant sheath your Sword,
Or never dare to see my Face again.

Beau. O cruel Charmer! Fatal Conjuraction!

Why

Why will you urge your Tyrant Pow'r against me;
And wound my Honour to confirm my Love?
O think how base would such Submission seem,
How would it sink me down beneath your Favour,
Should I be calm, and not resent his Usage.

Sel. Can you pretend to love, and yet dispute
My will in one Command, which Virtue seconds.
Away, fond Man, and fly my Sight for ever.

Beau. It were a Curse too Great to bear, and live;
See, I obey: Love and *Selinda* conquer.

Sebastian, we may meet at prop'rer Season;
And when you're next dispos'd to say I've wrong'd you,
I have a Sword to justify my Truth.

Sel. No more:—Your Hand—and lead me from this Place.

Beau. Tho' my Heart swells, I dare not disobey you.

[Exit Beaufort, leading her.]

Seb. By Heav'n! 'tis all confederated Cunning:
She has contriv'd t' excuse her Female Friend
By this concerted Shew of *Beaufort's* Courtship.

Luc. O my lov'd Lord, for still you are *Sebastian*,
Be calm, and hear your wrong'd *Luciana* plead:
Tho' you can cast me from you, scorn, and loath me,
Still you're my Husband, Lord of all my Wishes,
And Sov'reign of my Heart. O hear me then,
Let me not fall beneath a base Suspicion;
Let me be clear'd, tho' after you forsake me.
Then smoooth that awful Brow, forego your Wrath,
Or you will break a Heart, that doats upon you.

Seb. Think not to sooth me with that *Siren's* Softness;
The Musick of thy Voice, which us'd to charm me,
And lull my Passions, now has lost its Sweetness:
'Tis now grown harsh, harsh as the Raven's Note,
And ev'ry Accent grates my Ear like Discord.
These Eyes which us'd to gaze for ever on Thee,
To view thy Beauties with incessant Longings,
Now shun thee, as thou wert a Basilisk,

Alto:

Ake at thy Sight, and feel thy Presence painful.

Luc. O! I am miserable:—

Seb. Yes, *Luciana*,

Thou art indeed a Wretch, and doom'd to Sorrows;
If that thy guilty Bosom be not steel'd
Against the Whips of an upbraiding Conscience.
For I am not the Fool thou tak'st me for:
Bow'd to Disgrace, or pliant to thy Purpose.
But I'm a Man full of resenting Fury;
My Soul's alarm'd, and startles at Injustice;
And none, who do me Wrong, shall scape my Vengeance.

Luc. Were All who did you Wrong to meet their Dooms,
I should remain in Innocence secure,
Beyond the Reach of your vindictive Fury.

Seb. Swear thou art Innocent;—I charge thee, swear it,
To swell thy Crimes, and add to sure Damnation.

Luc. Then by the gracious Pow'rs of Heaven I swear,
I'm innocent and chaste, as purest Vestals;
And if in Act, or Thought, I've ever wrong'd you,
Swift Lightnings dart on this devoted Head,
And blast Me, where I stand, if I am perjur'd.

Seb. Hear this, ye Pow'rs, and let your Thunders roar,
Send forth your flaming Ministers of Wrath;
And in a Tempest snatch her from my Sight:
But yet the Bolts of Vengeance are not ready,
There is an Universal Calm in Nature:
The righteous Goddess stands aghast, and mute,
To hear the Guilt of this protesting False One.

Luc. I see that you are bent upon my Ruine;
That neither Tears, nor Oaths can win your Faith,
To think me Loyal, and a Virtuous Wife.
But when I'm dead, as sure I shall be quickly,
Kill'd by the Rigour of your strange Unkindness,
When my cold Corse lies in the Silent Grave,
Then, if too late my Innocence is known,
(Tho' now 'tis clouded o'er with base Detraction;)

Then

The Perfidious Brother.

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Then you'll repent this Usage ; then you'll curse
That fond Credulity, if e're you lov'd me,
Which rob'd you of your faithful, wrong'd *Luciana*.

Seb. How Eloquent, and Strong is Female Sorrow!
Persuasion sits upon her melting Tongue,
And Pity flows from ev'ry Word she utters.
Rage settles down, whilst on her Face appears
A specious Form of Innocence and Virtue.
She may be true, and I, perhaps, have wrong'd her ;
I will indulge that Thought to sooth my Pains ;
For, oh ! I've lov'd, lov'd her to such a Height,
'Tis worse than Hell to think she is Disloyal.
Could I presume that thou wert Just, and Spotless,
Thus would I steal into thy lov'd Embrace ;
Hush'd in thy Arms, laugh at the babbling World,
And lull to Rest my Tempest-beaten Soul.
But, ha !— What am I doing ? Death and Tortures !
Honour, Revenge, and Indignation aid me !
I'll tear this Treach'rous Heart from out my Breast,
E'er it shall sooth me more to clasp Pollution.
Nay, do not kneel, and weep ; for rig'rous Virtue
Resumes its Pow'r, and thus divides me from thee ;

[Sebastian breaks from her, and Exit.]

Luc. Too well, Thou unrelenting, Cruel Father,
Too well thy potent Curses take Effect !
They hunt me down, down to the Verge of Life ;
Can they pursue me further than the Grave ?
Would I were there at Rest : For Life's a Torture.

Enter Roderick.

Rod. My Sister, and in Tears ! What cruel Cause
Has giv'n this Storm of Grief, this melting Sorrow ?
Teach me the Source of this thy silent Woe,
That I may share thy Pains, or bring Thee Comfort.

G

If

Luc. If thou can'st pity one that is a Wretch,
Born down with sharp Affliction's heavy Hand;
Avoid my Sight, and leave me to my Sorrows.

Rod. No; let me stay to search thy wounded Soul:
To be the kind Physician of Distress,
And with an Artist's Hand relieve thy Anguish.

Luc. Relief, and Charity are thrown away:
Should'st thou attempt to aid, 'twould double Woe;
For Solitude is all the Cure I covet.

Rod. 'Tis most unkind thus to despise my Service,
And harbour such a Prejudice against me;
I came to change the Scene of black Despair,
And call Thee back to thoughts of Ease and Comfort.

Luc. O never must I taste of Comfort more!

Rod. Think better of your Fate: I guess the Cause
Of these o'erflowing Eyes, that heaving Bosom:
Say, has not your *Sebastian* been unkind?
This rugged Trade of War has made him Savage;
Stern, and unapt for Love, and soft Enjoyment.
That Gush of Tears confirms my Judgment right,
And says he is to blame.

Luc. *Rod'rick*, I fear,
For all this Shew of smooth dissembled Kindness,
You are the Spring and Source of all my Sorrow.

Rod. Heav'n witness for my Truth, how much you wrong
me!

Luc. How could'st thou know the Cause that makes me weep,
Unless thy self contriv'd the Hellish Mischief?

Rod. Think not so harshly of my honest Love;
But since, you own, I've guess'd the real Cause,
Take a Friend's Counsel to redress your Suff'rings.
Return with Scorn his rude unmanner'd Usage;
Why should you doat on One who treats you ill,
Yet slight the Man, who lives upon your Smiles?
Be wise, and make a Friend of good *Gonsalvo*.

Luc. *Rod'rick*, no more; upon thy Life, no more!

The Perfidious Brother.

43

Is this thy Virtue, and thy boasted Service?
This new Attempt to win Me to Dishonour,
Confirms me in the Truth of my Suspicions:
I see thy Treach'ry plain; 'tis Thou alone
Ha'st wrought my Woe; but tell me, what has urg'd Thee
To ruin Her who never did Thee Wrong?
But do not think, that I shall tamely bear it,
Fly to my Lord, and clear my injur'd Name;
Declare thy Villanies, and canker'd Malice;
Set all thy dark Infernal Plots to View,
That he may know thy Falshood, and my Virtue;
Or, by the Injuries that swell my Bosom,
The Moment that I meet Thee next, thou dy'st.

[Exit Luciana.]

Rod. So bold, my Heroine! Then I must be quick;
For tho' I do not dread her feeble Rage,
Yet, should she venture to impeach us to him,
His fiery Soul, ungrounded in Suspicion,
May take Alarm at the new Tale of Mischief,
And frustrate the Success of all my Toil.
It is a Fear must drive my working Thoughts
On countermining with some swift Prevention.

Enter Gonsalvo.

Gons. How, *Roderick*, Pensive, and with Arms across!
What means this Mood of thoughtful Melancholy,
When ev'ry thing combines to make Thee happy?

Selinda has receiv'd my strict Commands,
And knows she must be thine, or be a Beggar.

Rod. And how, my Lord, did she receive the News?
I fear, not well: For tho' with low Submissions
I've often urg'd the Merit of my Love,
Wept at her Feet, and woo'd in tend'rest Phrase,
Yet all that she would yield me in Return,

G. 2

Were

Were Looks of Scorn, and Words of Indignation.

Gonf. Grieve not at that: Is not my Word thy Warrant?
I tell thee She is thine: Therefore no more,
But say, how stands my Int'rest in *Luciana*,
What have you yet atchiev'd to aid my Passion?

Rod. I've watch'd their Meetings with assiduous Steps,
And find that my Designs have ta'en Effect:
Lean Jealousy with haggard Eyes pursues 'em,
And Feuds and raging Discord stalk behind her.
This is the time t' attack her wav'ring Virtue,
Now it is weakned with Revenge and Wrongs;
Promise whate'er her Woman's Heart is fond of,
Urge what a Wretch her Peevishness will make her:
And what Advantage waits on her Compliance:
Tempt her with Grandeur, and the gawdy Baits
The giddy Sex prefers to Fame and Honour.

Gonf. Think'st thou I may succeed?

Rod. Distrust it not:

But instantly away to her Apartment.
Employ your strongest Rhet'rick; try Her home,
Now in the very Ferment of her Soul;
And Pride and her Resentments may befriend you.
Ambition too will work, and lov'd Revenge,
And they are Motives carry all before 'em.
The blushing Virgin and reluctant Dame,
Whilst calm, with Ease resist the Lover's Flame;
But when Ambition, or Revenge inspire,
Submissive Virtue yields to warm Desire.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Beaufort, and Selinda.

Sel. YOU must not go, and leave us thus confus'd:

Beau. After such Insults, can I stay with Honour?
O! No; I'll fly th' Inhospitable Place;
For should I stay, spight of the sacred Oath,
Which None, but Thou, could ever have wrung from me,
I should be perjur'd to revenge my Wrongs.

Sel. Remember he's your Friend: —

Beau. Too well I do:

Would to the Heav'ns I could forget he was so:
For from a Friend such Treatment doubly wounds me.
Press me not, lovely Maid, to linger here,
Stung with Reflection, manacled with Oaths,
My swelling Soul curb'd, and restrain'd from Vengeance,
Least Rage should conquer weak Resolves; for, Oh!
I know the Frailty of my Nature such,
That should I meet him, and again be brav'd,
I should give way to wild and fierce Resentment,
Break thro' the solemn Tye, and rush upon him.

Sel. I dare not now sollicit you to stay;
My Apprehensions bid me drive you out,
And lead you from that Path of bloody Danger.
But think, O think, how wretched shall I be,
When left defenceless to a Father's Pow'r;
Whose stern Command, and arbitrary Will
I dare not disobey: When they shall drag Me
Like a vile Slave to *Rod'rick's* hated Bed;
Rending the Skies with piteous Exclamations,
And none that hear my Cries will dare to help Me.

Beau.

Beau. O wherefore do you stab me with these Horrors?
The dreadful Image shocks my trembling Frame,
And roots me up with strong convulsive Tortures:
Fly, fly, my Fair One, from these pressing Ills;
Let me convey you hence to some Retreat,
Where Peace and downy Comfort still shall wait you.

Sel. O *Beaufort*, urge me not; It cannot be;
Honour, and Tyrant Custom both forbid it:
And tho' thou stand'st so fair in my Opinion,
I could not entertain a Fear of Wrong;
Yet, thus to steal away in private with Thee,
Bears such a Semblance of dishonest Meaning,
As would for ever blast a Virgin's Honour.

Beau. And wilt thou then consent to be a Victim,
Give up thy self to Woe, rather than hazard
The idle Censure of a captious World?
How will it hurt us? — Where the Heart is sound,
The honest Face needs not to change its Colour.
Think too, how short an Interval is left
To make me happy, or accurst for ever.
Let that plead for Me: Think upon to Morrow!
The destin'd Morn must make Thee *Rod'rick's* Bride!
Then I shall loose Thee: — O forbid it, Heav'n!
It is a Curse will weigh Me down in Ruin.

Sel. Alas! I dread to stay, yet dare not go.

Beau. O could'st Thou but conceive, how dear thou'rt
to Me,

In gentle Pity of the Pains I feel,
Thou would'st forbear to wound me with such Sounds.
As tender Flow'rs that live but in the Sun,
Should'st thou withdraw thy Light, *Beaufort* must droop,
And wither in the Shade of killing Absence.

Sel. O do not force me to confess a Weakness;
Indeed my grateful Heart o'erflows with Pity.

Beau. Deal not your Blessings with a Niggard Hand;
But

But add Love too, and make me blest for ever.

Sel. I give You all that Virtue will allow :

Beau. When I ask more, Heav'n show'r its Curses on me.

Sel. What shall I do ? Instruct me, some kind Pow'r ;
And lay not Disobedience to my Charge ;
Let not a Father's wrathful Pray'rs o'ertake me,
Tho' Fear prevails, and urges my Departure :
O *Beaufort*, do not thou accuse my Rashness,
That here I throw my self on thy Protection
To shield me from Distress.

Beau. O happy Sound !

Sure were my parting Soul upon the Wing,
That Voice of dear Consent had call'd it back :
Distrust not I can e'er forget this Goodness :
I will not wish to live, but thus to clasp Thee ;
And feed Desire with gazing on thy Beauties.
But say, my Love, when Counsel-keeping Night
Has rear'd her silent Head upon the World,
Where shall I wait to bear Thee hence to Safety.

Sel. When the Night-Bell has mark'd the Hour of Twelve,
At the Park Gate I'll meet you with one Servant ;
'Till then, Farewel ; least Observation trace us.

Beau. O must I leave Thee ? Let the posting Hours
Run o'er their lazy Course with treble Swiftmess ;
Th' Impatience of my Love will lengthen Time,
And make each Moment seem a painful Age.
Farewel ; and watchful Angels hover round Thee.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE changes to an Inward Apartment.

Discovers Luciana lying on a Couch.

Luc. It wo't be ; Despair has banish'd Sleep ;
In vain I shut my Eyes, and court Repose ;

A

A Thousand ghastly Forms swim round my Head,
 And start me with a Thousand different Terrors.
 Then Madness must succeed; why, let it come;
 So, I no more shall feel this smarting Anguish:
 No more be tortur'd with suspected Love;
 Nor weep to think *Sebastian* has been Cruel:
 O! For a Cure t'expel the dire Remembrance;
 Which Death, or Madness can alone extinguish.

Enter Gonsalvo and Rod'rick.

Rod. See, where the lovely, beauteous Mourner lies;
 Prevailing Influence sit upon your Tongue,
 And melt her to Desire, and yielding Softness.
 Perhaps, a little Force may be requir'd;
 To give some Countenance to struggling Virtue:
 I'll guard the Entrance from the rude Approach
 Of any prying Fools, who might disturb you.

[Exit Rod'rick.]

Gons. Blessings on my fair Niece: What, drown'd in Sorrow?
 Dry up those pearly Tears; Grief should not trespass
 Upon such Beauty: Circling Joys should wait you,
 And Peace for ever crown your happy Days.

Luc. You wish me Peace, my Lord, yet take the Way,
 The surest Way, to rob me of my Quiet.
 Why do you thus pursue me with Desire,
 Lawless Desire, and urge my certain Ruin?
 Remember, who I am; *Sebastian's* Wife;
 Your Nephew's Wife; and would you stain his Bed?
 Break in upon our chaste Connubial Love,
 With foul Invasion, and most horrid Incest?—
 Think, what rich Blood flows in your Veins, my Lord;
 Think too, from what a gen'rous Race you spring;
 How such an Act would sully o'er their Glory;
 Write Infamy upon their rev'rend Tombs,

And

And make the conscious Marble sweat with Horror.
Then, are you not the Eldest of your House;
Born to protect from Wrongs, and not commit them?

Gonf. Say rather, I am born to be your Slave;
And doom'd by Fate eternally to love you.
So strongly ha'st thou bound me in thy Chains,
No Struggling e'er can loose me; such the Wound
Those piercing Eyes have giv'n, as nought can cure
But full Possession of that lovely Person.

Luc. Ha! Must I bear this Treatment, and be tame?
Rage and Despight possess my swelling Bosom:
Hear Me, degen'rate Lord; can'st thou presume,
That were I what thy guilty Wish would make Me;
Were I abandon'd o'er to gen'ral Vice,
A Common Prostitute to loose Desires,
I would exchange *Sebastian's* blooming Years
For wither'd Age, and such a Thing as thou art?

Gonf. Tho' Fifty Years have grizzled o'er my Head,
No Palsies shake these Nerves, no fierce Distempers
Invade, or press me down to feeble Dotage;
But if my upbraided Years must still be number'd,
Count too my Wealth against his meaner Fortunes.
Do but consent to love, and thou shalt shine
Glorious and dazling, as an Eastern Queen;
But if thou still continu'st Cruel to me,
I'll turn thee out to share his humble Fate:
Then thou'lt repent, and curse thy peevish Coyness.

Luc. I'd feed on Roots, eat the rank Mountain-Weed,
Drink the cold Water from the running Flood,
Lie on the Ground, and make a Rock my Pillow,
E'er I would wrong my lov'd *Sebastian's* Bed,
Or part with Honour at the price of Empires.

Gonf. Well, thou shalt go; but first I'll pay my self
For all the Pains and Tortures thou ha'st giv'n me:
Come, yield; for struggling shall not save thee from me:

I will no longer languish with Desire,
But seize my Bliss, and force Thee to be kind.

Luc. Help! help! — Oh help! Is no One near to save Me?

Beau. [*within*] What Deed of Darkness art thou doing there?

Rod. [*within*] What is't to Thee?

Beau. Give way, or thus I'll force Thee.

[*Here Beaufort drives in Roderick.*]

Luc. O save Me, save Me from this horrid Wretch.

Beau. Fear nothing, Madam, I protect you now.

Gonf. Rude, and unmanner'd Stranger, whence this Outrage,
This insolent Intrusion? Russian-like,
How dare you press on my Retirement thus?

Beau. How dare you give me Cause? The Lady's Shrieks,
And thy Confusion speak thy hellish Purpose.

Rod. Sir, you shall answer this:

Beau. I scorn thy Threats.

Gonf. Away, thou Brawler, or I'll so chastise Thee,
Thou shalt repent t' have stir'd an Old Man's Fury.

Beau. This Sword will do me Right, 'twill guard Me well
Against a Villain's Violence: — —

Gonf. A Villain's!

Rod'rick, assist to scourge this sawcy Swordsman.

Beau. What, both! But I'm prepar'd: — [*They both at-*

Luc. Help! Murder! help! [*tack Beaufort.*]

Inhumane Monsters, will you kill him then?

Enter Sebastian, who interposes, with Selinda.

Seb. Beaufort attack'd! By odds he must not fall:
Hold, or I turn my Sword against your Breasts.

Gonf. Confusion! we're discover'd: —

Rod. Fear it not.

Seb. Tell me what Cause has bred this raging Uproar?
Say, some of You, who have your Speeches free;
What, are all Mute? *Rod'rick,* I charge you, speak.

Rod.

The Perfidious Brother.

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Rod. Fain would I hold my Tongue to hide thy Shame.

Beau. What means the Traytor?

Seb. Speak, and do not rack Me.

Speak, instantly. —

Rod. My Uncle and my self

Ent'ring th' Apartment, thinking you were here, —

My Heart's so full that I can say no more:

Seb. Go on. —

Rod. Surpriz'd thy Wife and him together
In shameful Privacy. — Now guess the rest.

Beau. The monstrous Villain! — take thy Recompence:

[Offers to stab Roderick.

Seb. Hold! or thou dy'st:

Luc. Confusion! Death, and Horror!

Beau. Take heed, *Sebastian*, of too rash Suspitions,
How thou believ'st thy Friend, or Wife, disloyal;
Because a Villain dares traduce their Virtue.

Rod. They did agree together, when surpriz'd,
To turn the Guilt on us: But 'tis too plain;
You've seen too much to trust that Trick of Falshood.

Seb. I've seen too much, indeed, and am too slow
In my Revenge; but I begin it thus. —

[Offers to stab Luciana.

Beau. Barbarian, hold thy Hand: Whilst I have Life,
I will protect her from thy Savage Fury.

Seb. Dye first then, Traytor: —

Beau. Come, come all against Me:
Arm'd as I am in Innocence, and Truth,
I dare maintain my Cause against you all.

Sel. What will the Pow'rs do with us!

Seb. to Beau. Sir, a Word;
Tho' that your Baseness merits not this Favour,
I scorn to take th' Advantage Odds might give Me.
At the Park Gate, in half an Hour, I'll meet You:
There, undisturb'd, we may decide this Quarrel.

H 2

Beau.

The Perfidious Brother.

Beau. You shall be met, Sir; doubt not: But, d'ye hear,
Sebastian, I must urge one Promise from You,
 E'er I depart, that 'till we meet again,
 You use no Violence to your Wife:

Seb. Damnation!
 The Traytor would capitulate for Whoredom:
 But 'tis no matter: Vengeance will be speedy.
 By all the Honour of my Sword, I will not: —

Beau. Enough: I'm satisfy'd: Come hither, *Red'rick*;
 Follow me instantly, and do Me Justice,
 Or by the Wrongs thy Treachery has done Me,
 I'll use Thee as thy Cowardice deserves.

[*Exit Beaufort.*]

Seb. No Struggling, enter: —

Luc. Hear me but a Word,
 For now you stand upon the Brink of Ruin:
 Ready to plange into a deep Abyss
 Of Woes unfearchable. —

Seb. Presume not, Wretch,
 To think these Arts shall screen Thee from my Wrath:

Luc. I do not wish to live: —

Seb. Nor shalt thou, Traytress.

Luc. But would —

Seb. I'll hear no more: In, Strumpet, in. [*Locks her into the Chamber.*]

Sel. O stay, *Sebastian*, hear Me e're Thou go'st.
 To act thy cruel Purpose; for too well
 I see thy Rage is bent on bloody Deeds: —

Seb. My Lord, as you expect that I should right
 The Honour of our House, take hence your Daughter:
 And shield me from her Female Exhortations.

Gonf. Away, *Selinda*.

[*Exit Gonf. and Selinda.*]

Sel. Cruel, barb'rous Men.

Seb. Come to my Arms, thou gen'rous, worthy Brother;
Q. Red'rick, I have now no Friend but Thee:

Unless

The Persuasions Brother:

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Unless I pour my Sorrows on thy Breast,
And tell Thee all the Anguish of my Soul,
My Heart will break; and then I would survive
To have a full Revenge on all their Falshood.

Rod. It grieves me much to see you thus abus'd:
Would you had never known Her:—

Seb. Would I had not!
Thou canst not guess what racking Pains I suffer:
Lovers alone can guess at Lovers Sorrows.
Why was I born, ye rigid Pow'rs, or why
Preserv'd from Death, when Thousands fell around me?
To see this Day? To see the only Treasure,
In which my fond, o'erweaning Heart delighted,
Torn from me by the Hands of impious Russians?
Rod'rick, adieu; There's nothing now on Earth
Remains to ease my Griefs, but ample Vengeance.

Exit Sebastian.

Roderick Solus.

Go on; and work my Fortune and thy Ruin;
It was a Glorious Thought!— Victorious Boldness
Sav'd us, when tottering on the Brink of Fate:
The Time's almost expir'd, and now he's going
To meet with *Beaufort*: I o'er-heard th' Appointment.
Should they, perchance, confer before they fight,
They may be reconcil'd, and then I'm ruin'd:—
Or if that *Beaufort* scape *Sebastian's* Sword,
No doubt but he'll revenge the Wrongs I've done him.
If Either do survive, I am not safe:
Something with speed must be determin'd:— Ha!
Why does my Nature startle at that Thought?
A Brother's Murther!— Safety drives me on it.—
I'll stab him as he passes to the Field;
The Darkness will protect me from Discovery.

The

The Guilt will fall on *Beaufort*, not on Me;
 And I'll take care to seize him for the Murther.
 Shine now, my Native Stars, with watchful Care,
 And all your future Influence I'll spare:
 Let but Success this one Atchievement crown,
 And then 'twill be too late for Fate to frown.

Exit Roderick.

SCENE changes.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. Th' appointed Time is come; *Beaufort* will wait,
 And think I loiter in this Work of Vengeance:
 There is a strange Reluctance in my Soul;
 But he is false, and is not worth my Thought.

[Exit.]

Enter Roderick.

Rod. That Door, I know, is barr'd; he cannot pass,
 But must return this way: I'll wait him here.

Enter Gonfalso.

Gonf. O Guilt, with what a Weight do'st thou oppress Us!
 The Issue of this Fray, this Scene of Blood,
 Hangs heavy on my Soul. I stand confus'd,
 Uncertain what to dread, or what to wish for.

Rod. It is *Sebastian's* Voice: Now Fate befriend Me.

[Stabs Gonfalso.]

Gonf. Ha! Villain! Murther! Oh the fatal Weapon! —

Rod. Death! 'tis my Uncle:

Gonf. Traytor, I will hold Thee:
 Murther! —

Rod. Confusion! I am now betray'd:

Enter

Enter Sebastian, Selinda, and Servants with Lights.

Seb. What Cry of Murther's this?

Gonf. Oh! I am slain.

Sel. Alas! my Father: ———

Seb. Who has done this Deed?

Gonf. This Villain here, this most abandon'd Slave,
Rod'rick, the Cause of all your Tortures. Seize him:

Seb. *Rod'rick*! Amazement! But Fate opens here;
And all my Doubts at once in this are answer'd:

Gonf. O! I have wrong'd thy Friend, and Wife, *Sebastian*;
They both are true, and only we to blame:

Seb. O Heav'ns!

Enter Beaufort with his Sword drawn.

Beau. Where is this base, this coward *Rod'rick*?
That I may rip his Trayt'rous Bosom up.

Seb. I dare not look upon my Injur'd Friend.

Sel. See, *Beaufort*, see! What cruel Fate has done:

Beau. What cursed Hand has done this Murther?

Sel. *Rod'rick's*.

Gonf. My Blood flows quick, and Life begins to fail:
Forgive me, O *Sebastian*, noble Youth,
For I have sought to wrong thy Marriage Bed:
And had accomplish'd my now hated Purpose,
Had not thy Friend, thy gen'rous Friend prevented.
I've long, in vain, try'd to corrupt her Virtue;
And now am justly Punish'd for my Crime.
But what could urge that most ungrateful Wretch
To do this bloody Deed; 'tis he must answer.

Seb. Say, Monster, what could urge thee to do this?

Rod. The Blow was meant to thee, rash cred'ulous Fool;
Curses

Curse on this Hand that so mistook its Aim.

Seb. Immortal Pow'rs, how just are all your Doings!

Beaufort, I've wrong'd thee past the Hopes of Pardon.

Gonf. Draw near me Both;

That I may join the Bands of broken Friendship.

O *Beaufort*, if a dying Man can move you,

I do conjure you take him to your Breast.

For greatly was his noble Anger mov'd,

And Nature poison'd by that Serpent's working!

Seb. Never may like Division grow between us!

O *Beaufort*, plead to poor *Luciana* for me:

Inform her of what's past, and bring her to me:

This Key admits you to the mourning Fair One.

[*Exit Beaufort.*

Gonf. Draw near my Child; forgive thy rigid Father:

'Twas caus'd by my resistless Love: To thee,

And to *Sebastian*, I bequeath my Fortunes:

Let not the large Possessions of our House

Be swallow'd by the greedy, gaping Law;

But share them with a friendly Hand betwixt you.

I feel a Chillness coursing through my Veins:

My Soul is now, just now, upon the Wing,

And I have only Time to wish for Mercy.

Seb. Alas! he faints.

[*Dies.*

Enter Beaufort with Luciana.

Seb. He's Dead:— O my *Luciana*,

How shall I meet thy injur'd Excellence?

I hang my Head with Shame, and dare not view Thee,

Least just Resentment flashing from thy Eyes

Should strike me to the Earth:

Luc. When e'er *Sebastian*

Owens he has err'd, *Luciana* can forgive:

Fate has been busie; but the gracious Pow'rs

[*Con-*

Controul'd the Rage of fierce Destructive Malice.

Seb. There stands the curst Source of all our Sor-
rows;

That Wretch, whom I must blush to think my Brother :
Go, bear him where he may receive the Doom
Due to his black, abhorr'd, and bloody Deeds.

Rod. Think you, that when I can foresee my Doom,
I'll poorly live to glut your Pride or Vengeance,
By tamely suff'ring Publick Execution ;
No, this Mistaken Arm shall yet redeem Me.
Thus I revenge my self upon my self ; *[Stabs himself.]*
And now, Perdition seize you all together !

[Dyes.]

Beau. Desp'rate and bloody !

Seb. 'Tis a Night of Horror :

Let these Examples warn the guilty World,
What Curses wait to punish lawless Passion :
No Views of sordid Gain, or base Compliance,
Should draw Us from the Paths of strictest Virtues :
Judgments unseen on wilful Crimes attend,
'Till Heav'n thinks fit th' allotted Doom to send.

The Curtain falls.

F I N I S.

THE EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. Moloy, and Spoken by Mrs. Cross.

WE find, the Tragedies of latter Days,
Like Physick from a Quack, work various ways :
Thus while the softer Sex is mov'd to weep,
You Beaus appear so charm'd—you fall asleep;
The Tale's so Dismal you can bear no more,
But use it like a Sermon,—nod it o'er;
And when 'tis done, and all are going away,
You start,—and rub your Eyes,—and damn the Play.

An Author, like a Criminal, does stand,
Who for some petty Theft holds up his Hand;
Like rev'rend Judges, you yourselves behave,
Sleep the whole Tryal—then wake, to hang the Knave.
T' arrest such hasty Judgments, I engage,
As tending to destroy our sickly Stage;
Perhaps you'll be malicious, think 'tis Love,
And say,—the Author and I are Hand and Glove :
But know, I've Grace enough that Fate to shun,
I'll be no Poet's Desk to write upon.

Can any Mortal shew a Precedent
That ever Poet made a Settlement ?
A Thousand soft Expressions, finely said !
What are they to a Gown of rich Brocade ?
Can Cupid's Fetters, which these Poets feign,
Bind a weak Woman like a Golden Chain ?
'Tis not my Love to Him that makes me speak,
But for our own, and for our House's Sake ;
Therefore I come, not with a begging Face
To sneak, and sue ye for a Coupe de Grace ;
No, I'll proceed in a more gen'rous Way,
And he who dares presume to damn our Play,
Let him be Critick, Cuckold, Beau or Cit,
I'll prove the Creature's Courage, and his Wit :
Let me but know what he wou'd do, or say,
I'll give him Satisfaction,—any way.



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